

melodies of the olden time, without assistance from any instrument whatever. We likewise take occasion to avow, that the worst church music we ever heard is that of our fashionable churches, where half-a-dozen professional singers and an organ as big as a house, strive, by fantastical airs and complicated vocalization, to amuse their auditors who sit and indolently listen to their exertions. If that is "praising God," then listening to an opera is also!

[C. Mather has his descendants amongst us here in the families of Almon and Desbrisay.—*Ed. C. T.*]

**SUBTERRANEAN SPORTSMEN.**—Sporting extraordinary is, it seems, carried on under the metropolis. Recently, two men, named Gardiner and Hawkins, were brought up before Sir Chapman Marshall, at Guildhall, charged with being found unlawfully in the City sewers. Police constable 137 said he saw the prisoners coming up one of the sewers' gratings in Throgmorton-street, and, having questioned them as to their object in going into the sewers, he took them into custody, when he found upon them eighteen live rats, and a key with which they opened the gratings. Sir C. Marshall inquired how the prisoners got their living, when Gardiner, who undertook to be spokesman, said he was a master ratcatcher, and that Jack was his assistant. He had been at that kind of work, catching rats for parties who supplied the sporting gentlemen at the West-end, for a good many years, but Jack had been only nine months in the profession; they were, nevertheless, very expert in their hunting expeditions underground, frequently succeeding in capturing as many as from fifty to sixty in an hour. When they got into the sewers they kept on running and catching the rats as they ran up the walls, and put them into a bag alive, and afterwards sold them at two shillings per dozen to the regular dealers, who retailed them at six shillings per dozen. They never injured the walls, and when they met the commissioners' men, in their ratting excursions, they were never interfered with by them. On the present occasion, they entered the sewers at the Custom-house, and made their way all round Whitechapel, and back to Cornhill, when the officer met them coming out. In fact, they knew their way all through London under ground. Sir C. Marshall said, as the Commissioners of Sewers or the men did not complain or interfere with the prisoners in their extraordinary occupation, he should not do so, and therefore discharged them.

**VISIT OF THE AUTHORESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."**—The following letter to Dr. Wardlaw, dated December 4, 1852, was read, on Tuesday last, at the second annual meeting of the Glasgow Female New Association for the Abolition of Slavery:—Dear Sir,—I was most deeply and gratefully touched by your kind letter, and by its certainly very unexpected contents. That Christian hearts in good old Scotland should turn so warmly towards me seems to me like a dream; yet it is no less a most pleasant one. For myself, I can claim no merit in that work which has been the cause of this. It was an instinctive irresistible outburst, and had no more merit in it than a mother's wailing for her first born. The success of the work, so strange, so utterly unexpected, only astonishes me. I can only say that this bubble of my mind has risen on the mighty stream of a divine purpose, and even a bubble may go far on such a tide. I am much of my time pressed down with a heavy sadness, "for the hurt of the daughter of my people," it is so horrible, so sad—such a dishonor to Christ and his cause. But, again, when I see that a spirit above me is issuing this feeble work book—choosing the weak things of this world to confound the mighty—then I have hope. Why has he given it this success unless he means some mercy to the cause? Please to say to those Christian friends who have sent me the invitation in your letter, that I gladly accept it—though, when I get there, I fear they may be disappointed. I never was much to see, and now I am in feeble health—worn and weary. I am now putting through the press another work, "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," containing all the facts and documents which confirm the story;—truth, darker, and sadder, and more painful to write than the fiction was. I shall call heaven and earth to witness to the deeds which have been done here! Alas! that I should do it. Should God spare my life till April, I trust to mingle prayers and Christian affection with the Christians of Scotland.—Yours in the Gospel of Jesus:—H. B. Stowe.

**SEVEN PROPERTIES OF SCRIPTURE.**—The properties of Scripture may be summarily enumerated as follows:

1. All of it is clear and intelligible enough to por-

sons who sincerely desire to conform the heart and life accordingly.

2. The word of God is found to be of special effect upon the human heart for conviction, conversion, instruction, and comfort, in all ages and nations; and thereby evinces—

3. Its Divine authority; whence it follows—

4. That it is the standard for determining every controversy in matters of faith.

5. It is perfect, as containing whatever is necessary to be known and believed in order to salvation.

6. It is also profitable, as containing nothing irrelevant or useless.

7. The providence of God has watched over it, so that it retains its purity unsullied, and can be enjoyed now as it ever could be from the beginning.—*Bengel.*

**THE LORD'S PRAYER.**—"I remember, on one occasion," says Mr. Hay, "travelling with a companion, who possessed some knowledge of medicine. We arrived at a door, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the rebels against God. My friend, who spoke a little Arabic to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said,

"Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves."

"He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed.

"May God curse me if ever I again curse those who hold such a belief; nay, more, the prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat that prayer, that it may be remembered among us in letters of gold."

**ON ATHEISM.**—"I had rather," says Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists, because his ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion, for while the mind of man looketh upon secondary causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them and go no farther, but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

**SOLEMN AND EVENTFUL QUESTION.**—An old Congregationalist minister of the Gospel, just closing the 77th year of his age, who is engaged in preparing a book for publication in the city of New York, has been in the habit, for a short time past, of dining at a coffee house, where at that hour of the day uniformly, a company of more or less sober gentlemen, of various ages, were engaged in a kind of game at a table in the middle of the room, merely for pastime, without bet or wrangling among them. On the last day of September, at noon, there were but two at the game—one younger man from Europe, and a man upwards of sixty years of age—who pleasantly busied themselves in their mode of pastime, while the old minister was taking his midday repast. A thought came into his mind on the precious value of time, which was so often wasted as though useless, good for nothing. This led him at the close of his repast to step to that table, and put the following question to the gentlemen at their play.

"What time would you set on sixty minutes of time if you could be assured that this, and this one hour only, were allotted you to seek and secure an eternal interest in the kingdom of heaven?"

They both appeared astonished, but made no definite reply, except a few words by the youngest, who said:

"That is a solemn question."

At the coffee-table next day, at noon, that younger man said to the old minister:

"Do you remember your question yesterday noon?"

"I do."

"Well, that old man that was then playing pastime with me was taken ill in the afternoon, a doctor visited him, and about one o'clock at night he died!"

"Do not trust thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—The above statement may be relied on as fact. Let the question which was put to those men be considered, estimated, and improved by every waster of precious time, which God has given, to seek and secure an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.—"What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Sixty minutes—the last hour of an impenitent sinner's life—what is that hour worth?—*Independent.*

**DEATH OF GREAT GRAND-CHILDREN OF BURNS.**

—We find the following melancholy announcement in the *Dumfries Courier* of Tuesday last:—"Died, at sea, on board the ship *Chance*, from Liverpool to Port Philip, on the 7th September last, Arabella Ann, on the 8th September, Robert Burns; on the 18th September, Arthur Vincent, the only children of Mr. Berkeley W. Hutchinson, surgeon, government medical officer of the *Chance*, and great grand-children of Robert Burns." Mrs. Hutchinson is the daughter of Major James Glencairn Burns, and was educated in Dumfries under the care of her grandmother, "Bonnie Jean."

**INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.**—Example is more forcible than precept. My people, said Mr. Cecil, look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.

### Literary Notices.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND and English Princesses connected with the royal succession of Great Britain,** by Agnes Strickland. Vol. 3d, 12mo, pp. 336. Harper & Brothers.

This volume of this very interesting work is unusually attractive. The subject is Mary Stuart, the Queen of Scots: written with even more than Miss Strickland's usual and well-known spirit and ability in works of this disposition, it cannot fail to commend itself to every lover of history as a work of great interest. We find ourselves carried along with the course of the narrative, and devouring its pages with a greedy avidity, scarcely if ever surpassed by the interest of a work of fiction even of Scott's, and only regret at the end of the volume that the remaining volume or volumes are not before us that we might continue the narrative.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

*Sketches by a Sailor; or, Things of Earth and Things of Heaven.* By a Commander in the Navy. Longmans.

In these "piping times of Peace" our old sailors appear inclined to devote themselves to literature. It is not many weeks since Devereux, R.N., published the result of his pleasant lucubrations ashore, in the shape of his *Lives of the Three Earls of Essex* who bore the name of Devereux. We have a less ambitious work before us in the modest volume "By a Commander in the Navy." There is an old proverb, "No sutor ultra crepidam," the English of which may be rendered in the present instance—"Every man to his station, and the cook to the fore-sheet." The commander is not "objective" to the application of this legendary saying against himself. He is not out of his station. He has written histories about shipwrecks, model prisons, foot-races, assize courts, fugitives, and "A Man Overboard," for the amusement and instruction of his own children. The sketches are partly founded on fact, and they are such as a sailor father of some ability, kindness of heart, experience, and good memory, might be expected to produce and be thanked for producing.—*C. & S. Gazette.*

**RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE,** by Alphonse De Lamartine. Vol. 3d. Harper & Brothers.

As every thing that comes from the pen of Lamartine bears the stamp of high intellect and a ready pen, so we all know what to expect when a work of his appears from the press: enough then to say that the work before us is no exception to this rule, but is written in the same beautiful style that characterizes this popular author. Of the merits of the work as a history, it would be unfair to speak in its present incomplete state. We hope to be able to do so when the work is finished.

### Correspondence.

#### SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 30.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

From prison to the Judgement led,  
Block'd, spat upon and buffeted,  
By foes accused, by friends denied,  
Convicted, scourged, and crucified;  
None come to his relief,  
Suspended high,  
And left to die,  
With unavailing grief.

His quiv'ring limbs distraught with pain,  
His parched lips with thirst complain;  
By man reviled, by God condemn'd,  
Oppress'd, forsaken, overwhelm'd.  
In body and in mind,  
And left alone,  
With blood 't' atone,  
The guilt of all mankind.

The riven rocks and darken'd Sun,  
Proclaim to all the work is done,  
The world is saved which sin defiled,  
And God with sinners reconciled,  
The veil is rent in twain,  
Gentile and Jew  
Are born anew,  
The enmity is slain.

W. B.